



# I Only Aim to Please



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## Chapter 1 by Grace Skinner

For as long as I can remember.. The world has been a dull and lonely place. Nobody was happy, ever. I tried everything I could do to try and make people happy, but it never worked. I've never seen my mother and father smile, I've never heard my little brother and sister laugh. Nothing ever went right.

I went to bed because I was tired of hearing my parents fight. All they did was fight.

"I don't know why I ever started a family with you, you worthless pig!" I heard my mom yell.

"Maybe because you were some drunk bitch I met at the bar!" He shouted back. I was tired of it.

"Why can't anyone be happy?" I said to myself. Even my brother and sister were fighting. As I went to bed, I thought someone was watching me. I could have sworn I closed my window. I looked out my window to see if anyone was outside. Nobody. I closed my window and crawled into bed trying to ignore all the screaming from my family.

As soon as I dozed off to sleep, I had a weird dream. It was today.. but everyone was happy. My parents got along and my sibling never fought. It felt good, I never wanted to wake up.

Everywhere I went, there were smiles. Everything was in color. Then everything glitched, like the TV when something blocks the signal. Then everything went black.

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"Savannah! Wake up and get ready!" I heard my mother yell. I had just about had it. "What's your deal?" I yelled.

"Excuse me?" He said. Uh oh.. bad idea.. now he's pissed.

"You and mom, why are always pissed at everything?"

"Watch your mouth!" He said in an irritated voice. I stood up and walked towards him.

"You two never get along, never EVER! Never have I ever seen anyone in this family smile or laugh, and it's because you two are usually off fighting somewhere!" I pointed my finger at him

"I've had enough of it!" I screamed. I turned around and grabbed a bag I previously packed when I heard laughing. I turned to see that it was my dad on the floor laughing. "Dad... what's wrong..?" I asked

"Hahaha, nothing, oh my gosh I think I'm gonna die." He said trying to catch his breath. I couldn't believe it... my dad... was laughing.. My room was suddenly filled with color. He stood up and hugged me.

"I'm sorry Savannah, how about I buy you breakfast today?" He actually sounded.. happy..

"Uh..Sure..... why not?" I said a little freaked out. I followed him downstairs.

"And what the hell took you so long to wake her up?" I heard Mom say. When I peaked around the corner I saw him hug her and leave.

"You saw that too... right??" I asked as I pointed to him and her.

"Oh, good morning Sweetheart." She said in a sweet voice with a smile on her face.

"Huh?" I had a look of confusion on my face. Even more color filled the house. I looked at my hands, 'Did I really just do that?' I thought to myself. Jacob and Laci came upstairs from their room, fighting... like usual.. 'I pointed to Dad and Mom when they became nice so maybe if I...'

"Freeze." I said pointing to the both of them. They instantly stopped in their tracks, turned, and hugged each other.

"Would you like some breakfast?" Mom asked

"Um... No.. Dad's gonna get me some on the way to school." I said a little confused. I wondered out to Dad's truck still confused. We headed over to Lamar's Doughnuts. We were in line and the cashier looked a little gloomy. So, I just pointed at him and he started to smile. Every time I pointed at someone, something about them changes. Their mood goes from gloomy and grey to a world full of colors, like it did in my dream. This was amazing. I can do something no one has ever done in years.

"I don't know what you did, but it worked now like that!" Mom said, all excited.

"I only aim to please, Dad." I said

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When we got to school, Dad dropped us off at the front doors with a cheery wave and a bright smile. I was still in shock, still waiting to wake up. Jacob and Laci had their arms linked together, engaged in excited chatter as they walked over to the middle school. As for me, I entered even more dangerous ground: high school. As always, fights in the hallway were more frequent than lockers and the line to the principal's office was indecent.

Hesitantly, I raised my arm to point at the first mob of flying fists and feet. As soon as my finger lined up with my line of sight, the mob entangled, laughing as they helped each other recover their books and papers. The hallway rushed into color, and as I pointed further down the hallway, the effect rippled with me.

I all but skipped down to my locker. This was incredible! As I grabbed my books for my morning classes, my thoughts were reeling. What is happening? How? Why?

Stepping away and closing my locker, I felt something. It was that pins and needles feeling when someone is staring directly at you. Looking around, all I saw were students making their way to first period. Glancing at my watch, I sighed. Two minutes until tardy bell. I pointed at the watch, saying, "You are running fast. It is 7:45." The hands didn't move. Sighing, I resigned myself to running to class.

I made it just in time. Mr. Baltimoor looked down his nose at me as I retreated to my seat as the bell rang, red pen poised over the attendance form. I offered him a weak smile and he turned away. With his back turned to me, I raised my arm to give him a shot of happiness.

The door opened. Mr. Baltimoor's back stiffened at the noise, and turned to face the new student, who was...in color. He. He was in color. I gaped, even as he turned his inviting smile to an apologetic grin as he greeted Mr. Baltimoor, "My sincerest apologies, I'm new and had a bit of trouble finding my way here." He radiated warmth as he extended his arm, offering Mr. Baltimoor his hand. "My name is Blake and it is truly a pleasure to be here." As his hand touched Mr. Baltimoor's, color rippled through him, changing his dour countenance to a cheerful one.

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